description : " Daringly Italian, a true compatriot of the Borgias, or rather, better than Italians, that devil incarnate, an Englishman Italianate."

One adored him, devil though he was. He was so full of charm, so sincerely the "honest" lago, peculiarly sympathetic with Othello, Desdemona, Roderigo, *all* of them—except his wife. It was only in the soliloquies and in the scenes with his wife that he revealed his devil's nature. Could one ever forget those grapes which he plucked in the first act, and slowly ate, spitting out the seeds, as if each one represented a worthy virtue to be put out of his mouth, as God, according to the evangelist, puts out the lukewarm virtues. His lago and his Romeo in different ways proved his power to portray *Italian* passions —the passions of lovely, treacherous people, who will either sing you a love sonnet or stab you in the back—you are not sure which !

We pkyed "Othello" for six weeks, three performances a week, to guinea stalls, and could have played it longer. Each week Henry and Booth changed parts. For both of them it was a change *for tJie worse.*

Booth's lago seemed deadly commonplace after Henry's. He was always the snake in the grass ; lie showed the villain in all the scenes. He could not resist the temptation of making polished and ornate effects.

Henry Irving's Othello was condemned almost as universally as his lago was praised. For once I find myself with the majority. He screamed and ranted and raved—lost his voice, was slow where he should have been swift,

incoherent where he should have been strong. I could not bear to s«e him in the part. It was painful to me. Yet aight after night he achieved in the speech to the Senate one of the most superb and beautiful bits of acting of his life. It was *wonderful.* He spoke the speech, beaming